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MCG

NEW COSTUMES!!

NEW THRILLS!!

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

the X-MEN

THE END OF THE DREAD MUTANT-MASTER... OR OF THE X-MEN??

DON'T MISS...

"THE FATEFUL FINALE!"

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X-MEN! THE MOST UNUSUAL FIGHTING TEAM OF ALL TIME!™

"THE FATEFUL FINALE!"

TALK ABOUT YOUR SNEAKY SYNOPSIS! (SHEESH!)

AN EMBATTLED CYCLOPS AND ICEMAN ARE TAKING ON AN ENTIRE MISSILE BASE, SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH-WESTERN U.S....

...WHILE THE REMAINING THREE X-MEN ARE TRAPPED BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN--ALONG WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS BLOB! (WHY? READ ON, MAC-DUFF...)

HAH! ONE GROUP OF X-MEN HAS BEEN CAPTURED --AND THE OTHER IS ON THE VERGE OF TOTAL DEFEAT!

BEFORE LONG, MY PLAN SHALL SUCCEED-- WITH THEIR UNWITTING HELP!

STAN LEE ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENDORSES THIS ROY THOMAS-DON HECK EXCITEMENT-LADEN EPIC!

(WE'RE NOT SURE JUST WHAT VINCE COLLETTA, INKER, AND ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER, THINK OF IT, THOUGH!)

AND NOW, WITH THE MALEVOLENT MUTANT-MASTER'S CRYPTIC STATEMENT HANGING IN THE AIR, WHAT SAY WE TOSS A COIN TO SEE WHICH OF OUR MISTREATED MUTANTS WE VISIT FIRST...

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AND, IT LOOKS AS IF THE CYKE-ICEMAN TEAM WON! (NOW, THEY SHOULD ONLY DO SO WELL ON THEIR ALL-IMPORTANT MISSION!)

THOSE STRAFING PLANES ARE GETTIN' OUR RANGE, SCOTTY!

SET UP AN ICY IGLOO OVER US, BOBBY--QUICK!

HUH? I'LL DO IT--BUT, IF YOU THINK THAT'LL STOP HIGH-CALIBRE BULLETS--!

WHO SAID WE HAVE TO STOP THEM? WE JUST NEED A MOMENTARY BREATHER!

NOW I GET IT! THE SUN'S GLARE ON THE ICE MAKES THEIR SHOTS GO WILD!

AND LOOK! THERE'S THE BUILDING WE WERE HEADING FOR--STRAIGHT AHEAD!

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE NEARBY STRUCTURE...

WHAT IN--? I'M FROZEN SOLID--GUN AND ALL--CLEAR UP TO MY NECK!

TAKE IT FROM ME, SOLDIER--IT'S ALL FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

JUST BE GLAD CYKE DIDN'T USE HIS OPTIC BLASTS ON YOU, INSTEAD!

THEN, TWO FRESH-FROZEN SENTRIES LATER...

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS--!

YOU'D BETTER HOPE WE DO, MISTER--FOR THE SAKE OF THE WORLD!

-AIR FILTRATION SYSTEM- DO NOT TOUCH!

THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE ON EXPLANATIONS, ICEMAN!

THAT MUST BE WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR--UP THERE!

NO NEED TO WASTE ANOTHER SYLLABLE, LEADER-MAN! I'LL GIVE IT THE ONCE OVER WITH A THICK LAYER OF ICE!

DON'T BE OVER-CONFIDENT, LAD!

FACTOR THREE PLANNED TO FIRE ALL THE MISSILES ON THIS BASE AT EASTERN EUROPE--STARTING WORLD WAR III! *

THEY MUST HAVE AGENTS HIDDEN NEARBY--READY TO STEP IN!

THAT'LL STOP FACTOR THREE'S PLAN TO TAKE OVER THIS BASE BY PUMPING GAS THRU ITS FILTRATION SYSTEM!

-AIR FILTRATION SYSTEM- DO NOT TOUCH!

MAYBE SO, BUT THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN HERE!

BY NOW, THEY'VE PROBABLY HIGHTAILED IT BACK TO THE MUTANT-MASTER!

*AS AMAZINGLY UNVEILED LAST ISH! --SERIALIZING STAN.

SUDDENLY...

THOOM!

-UNNHH!- WHAT IN THE WORLD--?

SOME KIND OF GIANT TENTACLES--COMING OUT OF NOWHERE--PLASTERING US AGAINST THE WALL!

IT'S UNCANNY--AS IF THEY WERE SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO CAPTURE US!

USE YOUR POWERS ON IT, FAST--BEFORE ANY MORE GUARDS CAN GET HERE!

NOT A CHANCE, CYKE! I MIGHT AS WELL BE THROWING SPITBALLS AT THE THINGS!

MY EYE-BEAMS ARE USELESS, TOO! WHAT CAN THEY BE MADE OF?

ZAP!

THAT IS OF NO CON-SEQUENCE TO YOU, CYCLOPS!

FOR, WITHIN MOMENTS, YOU WILL BE DEAD--THE ICY SHEATH AROUND THE AIR FILTER WILL BE DISSOLVED--AND FACTOR THREE SHALL BE VICTORIOUS!

MASTERMIND--AND TWO OF FACTOR THREE'S HOODED ANDROIDS!

HOW IN HOLY HANNAH DID YOU EVER GET PAST THE TROOPS THAT CHASED US IN HERE?

EMPTY-HEADED YOUNG FOOL! IT IS A SMALL FEAT FOR ONE WITH MY MATCHLESS POWER TO CAST ILLUSIONS! NOW TO--

HIS ILLUSIONS--! THAT MUST BE IT, CYKE!

I READ YOU, ICEMAN--LOUD AND CLEAR!

THESE TENTACLES--THEY ONLY EXIST IN OUR MINDS! IF WE CONCENTRATE--THEY'LL VANISH!

BUT, EVEN AS THE RESTRAINING METAL FADES INTO NOTHINGNESS--

CYKE--BEHIND YOU!!

THOSE OPTIC SUNBEAMS WON'T STOP ME, BRIGHT-EYES!

IT'S UNUS--THE MUTANT WITH THE IMPENETRABLE FORCE FIELD!

I CAN'T TOUCH HIM--BUT HE CAN REACH ME! AND, WHEN HE DOES--IT MAY BE CURTAINS!

MEANWHILE, HALF A WORLD AWAY--IN A CERTAINLY CLOSE-GUARDED *TOWER*--LET'S NOT FORGET OUR *OTHER* X-MEN TEAM...

WELL, THIS IS *ANOTHER* FINE MESS WE'VE GOT OURSELVES INTO, GANG--

BUT *THIS* ONE MAY VERY WELL BE THE *LAST!!*

I BLUSH TO ADMIT, WARREN, THAT YOUR FORECAST SOUNDS DEPRESSINGLY *PROBABLE!*

IF ONLY THESE ANTIQUATED DOORS WEREN'T SO *THICK*, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO--

JEANIE--THAT *LOOK* IN YOUR EYES! DOES IT MEAN WHAT I *SUSPECT?*

IF YOU'RE THINKING THAT I'VE RESTED ENOUGH TO USE MY *TELEKINETIC POWERS*--*YES!*

I ONLY HOPE THEY'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO REACH THAT DOZING *GUARD* OVER THERE...

THE NEXT SECOND, AN ASTOUNDED SENTRY IS SUDDENLY *LIFTED* FROM HIS CHAIR, AND--

MY REGARDS TO THE *SANDMAN*, LITTLE FRIEND!

:OOOOFF!=

GREAT GOING, HANK! AND, I'VE GOT A TELEKINETIC BEAD ON HIS *KEYS!*

BUT, WE'VE GOT TO *HURRY!* WITH EACH TICKING SECOND, THE WORLD COMES CLOSER TO THE BRINK OF A *NUCLEAR DISASTER!*

THWAK!

AS, ELSEWHERE IN THE MEDIEVAL CHATEAU, A GROUP OF EASTERN *MILITARY LEADERS* CONFER--UNAWARE THAT A *BOMB* HAS BEEN PLACED IN THEIR MIDST...

I SAY, WE MUST DECLARE *WAR* ON THE UNITED STATES!*

AFTER ALL, WAS IT NOT AMERICA'S MUTANT *X-MEN* WHO INVADED THIS SECRET CONFERENCE--AND TRIED TO *ASSASSINATE* US?

IT MOST DECIDELY WAS, *NOT*, COMRADE!

EH? WHO WAS *THAT?*

*ANOTHER TOWERING TRANSLATION FROM MULTI-LINGUAL *MARVEL!* --STAN THE MAN.

IT'S ONLY *I*--YOUR MUCH-HARRASSED HOUSE-GUEST, THE BELOVED *BEAST!*

I *KNEW* THOSE "LEARN-RUSSIAN-FAST" RECORDS WOULD PAY OFF ONE DAY!

ONE OF THE X-MEN HAS *ESCAPED!* *SHOOT HIM!*

DA, COMRADE GENERAL!

INSTANTANEOUSLY, FROM ANOTHER WINDOW...

MAYBE I CAN'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE LIKE YOU, BEAST--

BUT I THINK THEY'LL UNDERSTAND THIS!!

WHAM!

WOK!

I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY, MY CHERUBIC CHUM!

AND, A MOMENT LATER, THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF THE X-MEN TRIO ENTERS THE FRANTIC FRAY...

I DID SOME MENTAL PROBING FROM OUTSIDE--AND I'M CERTAIN THAT THE HIDDEN TIME-BOMB MUST BE IN THAT SATCHEL!

BUT, THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME--SO I'LL HAVE TO DO...THIS!

MY BRIEFCASE--IT'S FLOATING AWAY INTO THE AIR!

NEVER MIND THAT, FOOL--LOOK--OVER THERE!

AT THESE WORDS, THE PUZZLED HANK McCOY TURNS A STARTLED HEAD--ONLY TO BE SENT REELING BY A STUNNING BLOW!

-:UNNNH!:-

KRAK!

YOU TEENAGE MISFITS AREN'T GONNA FOUL UP THIS PLAN!

THAT BOMB'S GOT JUST ONE MINUTE LEFT BEFORE IT BLOWS--

--AND NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP IT!

IT'S...THE BLOB!!

HE MUST HAVE AWAKENED SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED--AND FOLLOWED US!

YOU HARE-BRAINED HIPPO! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT YOU'RE IN DANGER, TOO? I--

-:YOWWPP!:- YOUR HEAD'S AS HARD AS A SOLID BOULDER!

YOU KNOW IT, SONNY BOY! I'M THE BLOB--REMEMBER??

MY MUTANT BODY'LL ABSORB THE EXPLOSION--BUT YOURS WON'T!

THEN, AS THE POWERFUL BLOB LANDS A MIGHTY BLOW...

-:OOMMPH!:- I'M TEMPTED TO BELIEVE THAT I'M DEFINITELY OUTCLASSED--

--PHYSICALLY, THAT IS!

NOW, GIRLIE--I'M GRABBIN' THAT SATCHEL!

HE'S FASTER THAN I THOUGHT! HE'S GOT THE BRIEFCASE!

MUST GET IT BACK--OR WE'RE DOOMED!!

WHILE, BACK IN THE GOOD OLD U.S.A....

YOUR RAY-BLASTING DAYS ARE THRU, CYCLOPS!

WHOK!

SORRY, UNUS--BUT I'M TOO YOUNG TO RETIRE!

I'M WHISTLING IN THE DARK! CAN'T GET THRU HIS FORCE FIELD!

HANG ON, CYKE! I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I CAN!

THESE ILLUSORY BANDS AROUND MY ARMS ARE MESSING UP MY AIM WITH THIS SNOW SHOVEL!

YOU'RE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST ALL OF US, X-MEN--AND YOU KNOW IT!

THEN, AS THE BESIEGED PAIR MOMENTARILY BREAK FREE...

WE'RE GETTIN' CLOBBERED, SCOTTY!

THERE'RE TOO MANY OF 'EM!

QUICK, BOBBY--FORM SOME ICE! --GOOD!

ZAK

HERE IT IS, BUT WHAT--? OH, NOW I GET IT!

IT'S GREAT WHAT A LITTLE FRICTION CAN DO!

AND, MOMENTS LATER, SO DO THE ATTACKING AGENTS OF FACTOR THREE...

HEY--WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?

THE X-MEN CAUSED AN ICY MIST--TO CONCEAL THEIR MOVEMENTS, FOOL!

WE'D BETTER MAKE A BREAK FOR IT--BEFORE THOSE TROOPS SMASH IN HERE!

NEXT, EVEN AS THE EVIL MUTANTS ESCAPE UNDER COVER OF ONE OF MASTERMIND'S ILLUSIONS...

WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, MEN, FI--WHAT THE--?

IT'S FOG, SIR... A THICK, WINTRY FOG!

SHALL WE FIRE INTO IT, SIR?

NO NEED FOR THAT, SOLDIER! IT'S CLEARING AWAY AS FAST AS--WAIT! THE TWO X-MEN ARE GONE!!

WELL, AT LEAST THEY DIDN'T ACCOMPLISH THEIR TRAITOROUS MISSION!

THE MISSILE BASE IS STILL INTACT--AND IN OUR HANDS!

AT THAT *SECOND*, OVERHEAD...

WE *MADE* IT, CYKE! LUCKILY, THEY DIDN'T GUARD OUR *SAUCER* HEAVILY!

AND WE ACCOMPLISHED OUR *MISSION*, BOBBY-- BY FOULING UP THEIR *AIR FILTERS*!

NOW, NO SPECIAL *GAS* WILL ENABLE FACTOR THREE TO TAKE OVER THAT BASE FOR THEIR OWN PURPOSES!

BUT, WHAT ABOUT OUR *OTHER* TITANIC X-MEN TEAM-- SOMEWHERE DEEP IN *EASTERN EUROPE*...?

HOLD IT, BLOB! THAT'S A *DEADLY EXPLOSIVE* YOU'RE MANHANDLING!

THAT'S *YOUR* WORRY, MONKEYFACE-- NOT *MINE*!

MY MASSIVE BODY CAN *WITHSTAND* A SMALL BLAST--

BUT NO ONE *ELSE* IN THIS ROOM CAN!

HE'S RIGHT, JEANIE! AND, THAT MINIATURE BLAST IS JUST LIABLE TO TRIGGER A *NUCLEAR HOLO-CAUST*!

CAN'T WRENCH IT FREE FROM HIS *GRIP*! I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOME-THING ELSE!

BLOB-- *LISTEN* TO ME!!

TALK AWAY, GIRLIE! I COULD LISTEN TO YOU *ALL DAY*!

ALL RIGHT--THEN HEAR ME *OUT*!

DO YOU REALLY THINK THE *MUTANT-MASTER* WOULD TAKE A CHANCE ON YOUR *CAPTURE*--AND ON OTHERS LEARNING OF HIS *PLAN*?

HE MUST HAVE MADE THAT TIME BOMB STRONG ENOUGH TO DESTROY EVEN *YOU*!

YOU *LIE*! HE'S OUR *MASTER* --OUR *LEADER*!

STILL, YOU GOT A *POINT* THERE! NO USE IN TAKIN' ANY *CHANCES*!

I'LL JUST WATCH THE FIREWORKS FROM A SAFE *DISTANCE*!

SMASH!

AFTER ALL, IT'S SET TO BLOW IN JUST A COUPLE MORE *SECONDS*!

HE'S *GONE*--BUT HE LEFT THE *SATCHEL*!

AND--*LOOK*! IT'S STARTING TO *VIBRATE*-- *VIOLENTLY*!!

IF ONLY I CAN--

HOLD IT, GAL! THE NEXT PART IS RIGHT UP THE *ANGEL'S* ALLEY!

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AND, SCARCELY A *HEARTBEAT* LATER--

WELL, HERE'S HOPING THAT I LEARNED A FEW THINGS FROM WATCHING *JUAN MARICHAL* ON THE *BOOB TUBE!*

NOW TO SCOOT *OUT* OF HERE BEFORE SHE--

BA-

--*BLOWS!!*

SECONDS LATER, IN THE BUILDING BELOW, A BITTER *ARGUMENT* REARS ITS HEAD...

THE AMERICANS TOLD THE *TRUTH!* IT WAS THEY WHO *SAVED* US!

YET, THEY COULD WELL BE *AGENTS*-- SENT HERE TO *SPY* ON US!

SHOULD WE *IMPRISON* THEM--OR SET THEM *FREE?*

THE NEXT MOMENT, THAT QUESTION IS DECIDEDLY *SETTLED*, AS...

HAH! I PULLED YOU RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER THEIR *NOSES*--BEFORE THEY HAD TIME TO *THINK!*

THEY'RE SO *STARTLED* BY IT ALL, THAT THEIR *AIM* IS WAY OFF!

BUT--I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T *LIFT* BOTH HANK AND ME!

GIVE THANKS TO A HANDY LITTLE THING CALLED *ADRENALIN,* LASS!

NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO THE *SAUCER* --AND FIND THE *MUTANT-MASTER!*

MEANWHILE, WHAT SAY WE USE A BIT OF LITERARY LICENSE TO *LOOK IN* ON THE MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF *FACTOR THREE*--WHO HAS LANDED HIS STRANGE SPHEROID SOMEWHERE IN THE MID-WESTERN U.S....

THE X-MEN *FOILED* MY PLANS! I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS *POSSIBLE!*

TRUE, I *ALLOWED* THEM TO ESCAPE MY EARLIER TRAP--SO THAT THE MILITARY WOULD BLAME *THEM* IF MY SCHEME WAS THWARTED!

STILL, I DID NOT IMAGINE, IN MY WILDEST DREAMS, THAT THOSE INFERNAL BRATS WOULD *SUCCEED* IN THEIR ATTEMPT! AND NOW--

WAIT! WHERE IS THE ACCURSED *CHANGELING* --HE WHO IS MY *SECOND IN COMMAND?*

NO MATTER! HE WOULD ONLY TRY TO *STOP* ME--IF HE EVER GUESSED MY *TRUE* INTENTIONS!

BUT, I SENSE SOMEONE *APPROACHING!* I MUST *READY* MYSELF--!

SOON AFTERWARD, A SILENTLY GLIDING *VEHICLE* APPEARS FROM THE SKY, AND COMES TO REST, OPENING TO REVEAL--

WOW! GET A LOAD OF *THAT* SET-UP, CYKE! LIKE THE MAN SAYS-- THIS MUST BE THE *PLACE!*

YOU'D BETTER *BELIEVE* IT, BOBBY--THOUGH WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND IT WITHOUT THE SAUCER'S *SENSORY DEVICES!*

BUT, DON'T GO *RUSHING IN!* WE'VE GOT TO PLAY IT *COOL!*

LEADER-MAN, IF THERE'S ONE PERSON IN THIS COMBO WHO *DOESN'T* HAVE TO REMEMBER TO KEEP *COOL*--IT'S *ME!*

WHAT'S *WRONG?* YOU FIGURE THE *MUTANT-MASTER* KNOWS WE'RE HERE?

THAT'S A PRETTY SAFE *BET,* LAD!

--AND GETTING *SAFER* BY THE *SECOND!*

LOOK OUT!!

ZAK!

YIPES!

YOU *AVOIDED* MY OWN PERSONAL *WELCOME MAT,* X-MEN--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'LL EVER LEAVE HERE *ALIVE!*

NOW WHERE HAVE I HEARD *THAT* ONE BEFORE--?

BLAST! HE'S BEHIND A *FORCE FIELD!*

FRAP!

LET *US* HANDLE THOSE RUNTS, *MUTANT-MASTER!*

HUH? WHO IN THE WORLD--?

IT'S *UNUS*--THE *VANISHER*--*MASTERMIND*--AND THE *BLOB!*

RIGHT! MORE THAN ENOUGH MUTANTS TO FINISH OFF *YOU TWO!*

GET *READY,* LAD! WE MAY BE *OUT-NUMBERED,* BUT--

WHO'S OUT-NUMBERED, FEARLESS LEADER?

BY THE WAY, HOW ABOUT A SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE FROM THE *GALLERY?* WE BROKE ALL *SPEED RECORDS* GETTING HERE!

THE REST OF THE *X-MEN!* *NOW* WE'LL TAKE 'EM, CYKE!

YOU CALLED IT, ICEMAN! THE VANISHER IS MINE!

AND I'M DYING TO TRY MY LUCK ONCE MORE AGAINST THE BULGING BLO--WAIT!

STOP, ALL OF YOU! THERE IS NO NEED FOR MUTANT TO BATTLE AGAINST MUTANT!

WHO IN SAM HILL--??

THAT'S THE VOICE OF... PROFESSOR X!

THE NEXT SECOND, A FAMILIAR FACE APPEARS FROM THE SHADOWS...

I'VE ESCAPED TO WARN YOU-- AGAINST YOUR REAL ENEMY--

--THE MENACE CALLED THE MUTANT MASTER!!

NAH! DO YOU THINK THAT SO EASILY YOU WILL SWAY MY MUTANT FOLLOWERS--AND SAVE THE WEAKLING RACE OF HOMO SAPIENS?

YOU ARE THEIR SWORN FOE! ARE THEY TO ACCEPT YOUR WORD--OVER MINE?

HE'S RIGHT, CYKE! WHAT'LL WE DO?

JUST SIT TIGHT-- AND LISTEN!

WHY DO YOU LEAD THE SO-CALLED EVIL MUTANTS IN THEIR UNHOLY CRUSADE AGAINST HUMANITY? WHY??

BECAUSE WE--THE HOMO SUPERIORS-- ARE DESTINED TO RULE--TO MASTER THE EARTH!

YOU'RE LYING-- AND I CAN PROVE IT...

WHEN YOU HAD THE X-MEN AT YOUR MERCY IN YOUR OTHER HEADQUARTERS--WHY DID YOU SENTENCE THEM TO THE OBLIVIO-RAY... INSTEAD OF DEATH?

AND, HOW WERE MAGNO-DISCS CARELESSLY LEFT THERE-- ENABLING THEM TO ESCAPE ITS EXPLOSION?

IT IS BECAUSE-- YOU WANTED THE X-MEN TO ESCAPE!

THE MUTANT-MASTER-- AGAINST US? IT'S INSANE --OR IS IT??

OF COURSE IT'S INSANE, YOU FOOLS! DON'T YOU SEE HE'S TRYING TO TRICK YOU-- INTO TURNING ON ME?

KILL HIM--AT ONCE!

AGAIN, OLD FRIEND --WHY?? IS IT SO THAT YOUR MUTANT LACKEYS WON'T SUSPECT YOU--

--WON'T FIGURE OUT THE REAL REASON THAT YOU WANTED TO START A WORLD WAR--WHICH MIGHT DESTROY THE ENTIRE PLANET?

I DID IT FOR THEM-- FOR THE EVIL MUTANTS OF THE WORLD! I AM THE MUTANT-MASTER!!

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BUT, EVEN AS THE MACABRE, SITTING FIGURE SHOUTS HIS *INNOCENCE*-- ONE GLOVED HAND REACHES FOR THE NEARBY *PANEL*...

THEY'RE BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THE DEADLY *TRUTH!*

MUST INCREASE THE STRENGTH OF MY *FORCE FIELD* --BEFORE ALL OF THEM ATTACK IT *TOGETHER!*

WATCH IT! HE'S PRESSING SOME KIND OF *SWITCH!* ÷OOOFF!÷

HE'S *PANICKING!* THEN, MAYBE HE *IS* LYING! *GET HI--* ÷UNNHH!÷

WHAM!

YOU *OUTLIVED* YOUR USEFULNESS TO ME--*ALL* OF YOU-- THE MOMENT YOU BEGAN TO *DOUBT* ME! *ATTACK, MY ANDROIDS!!*

THEN, THE HOLLOW, SYNTHETIC SHELL IS WITNESS TO ONE OF THE GREATEST *BATTLE ROYALS* OF ALL TIME...

WHAT'S THE *SCOOP,* CYKE? I DON'T GET *ANY* OF THIS!

I THINK *I'M* STARTING TO--*NOW!*

DOLTS! DON'T YOU SEE THAT YOUR STRUGGLE IS *USELESS?*

HE ORDERED OUR OWN *ANDROIDS* TO FIGHT US-- TO *KILL* US!

MEBBE SO, VANISHER --BUT IT'S *US* THAT'S DOIN' MOST OF THE *SMASHIN'!*

THAT HOODED BOZO WAS TRYIN' TO PUT SOMETHIN' *OVER* ON US--AND I AIM TO FIND OUT *WHAT!*

THESE ANDROIDS WERE DESIGNED TO BATTLE *HOMO SAPIENS*-- NOT SUPER-POWERED *MUTANTS!*

HOW ARE YOU FARING, FAIR DAMSEL?

ALL RIGHT-- BUT I STILL DON'T UNDER-STAND WHAT HIS *MOTIVE* IS--

--OR HOW WE'RE GOING TO *OVER-POWER* HIM-- EVEN IF WE FINISH OFF HIS *ROBOTS!*

CONFUSED, FRANTIC ONE? WELL, STICK AROUND FOR A COUPLE MORE PAGES--FOR, NEARBY...

OHHH...MY HEAD...IT FEELS AFLAME!

SOMEONE RELEASED THE PROFESSOR AND ME FROM OUR TRANCE --ONLY TO QUICKLY WALLOP ME!

BUT, AT LEAST THE BANSHEE IS FREE AGAIN!*

*FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE ISH #35! --SHARP-EYED STAN.

SOUNDS--LIKE SOME TERRIFIC STRUGGLE--COMING FROM THE NEXT CHAMBER--!

THE X-MEN--AND THE EVIL MUTANTS--FIGHTING THE ANDROIDS SIDE BY SIDE!

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

UH OH! ONE OF THE ANDROIDS SEES ME--IT'S AIMING A RAY-BLASTER AT ME!

ONLY ONE POSSIBLE DEFENSE--!

THEN, AS THE SHRILL, PIERCING WAIL OF THE BANSHEE FILLS THE ROOM...

ZZZTT!

SIRENS BE PRAISED! THE ANDROID'S EXPLODING!

I MUST HAVE HIT JUST THE RIGHT SONIC FREQUENCY!

THIS SHRIEK WON'T HURT HUMANS OR MUTANTS--

--BUT, IT'S SURE DEATH TO DELICATE MACHINERY!

OOOOOOEE

YES, AND I THINK I'LL RAISE THE PITCH JUST A BIT--JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

YET, EVEN THE LEATHER-LUNGED BANSHEE IS UNPREPARED FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT--AS THE MOVABLE PLATFORM WHICH HOLDS THE MUTANT-MASTER BEGINS TO QUIVER --TO SHAKE VIOLENTLY--AND THEN--

NO! NO! STOP!! YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING! STOP, BEFORE--

=AAARRHH!=

THE MUTANT-MASTER'S HELMET--HIS FACE--HIS BODY--ALL FLYING TO BITS, LIKE THE METAL ANDROIDS!

AND LOOK--UNDERNEATH IT ALL--HE ISN'T HUMAN!!

THOOOM

THE UNDER-STATEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM, LAD!

SIRENS PRESERVE US--AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE DEALT THE MUTANT-MASTER A GREAT BLOW!

EEEOOOO

THE SOUND--I CAN'T STOP THE SOUND--!

YOU MUST STOP--BOW TO THE WILL OF ONE WHO COMES FROM THE STAR-SUN SIRIUS!

SIRIUS, HUH? THEN, YOU'RE NO MUTANT--ANY MORE THAN YOU WERE HUMAN!

THOK!

YOU'VE BEEN PLAYIN' US FOR SUCKERS--BUT NO MORE!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS--BUT SLUG HIM ONE FOR ME, UNUS!

BUT, AT THAT FATEFUL MOMENT...

SOMETHING --STRANGE-- IS HAPPENING TO THAT CREATURE!

CAN'T RESIST SHRIEKING JUST ONE OCTAVE HIGHER!

OOOEEE

NO--NO--STOP--!!

THEN, IN HIS UNIMAGINABLE AGONY, THE ALIEN REACHES FOR A FATAL BUTTON...

EEEEEE

AND, ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY--

HE DID SOMETHING! THE ANDROIDS ARE ALL EXPLODING NOW--!

KEEP BACK, BEAST!

SUDDENLY, AS ALL WHIRL AT THE SHARP, COMMANDING THOUGHT WHICH FILLS THE CHAMBER...

XAVIER! BUT, I FIGURED--

A SECOND PROFESSOR X! BUT, WHICH ONE--!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHICH ONE!

CAPTURE THE "PROFESSOR" AT WHOM I AM POINTING, JEAN! HE IS THE ONLY TRUE CHARLES XAVIER!

IT MUST BE SO! ONLY THE REAL PROFESSOR COULD TOSS SUCH A TELEPATHIC THOUGHT--AND THE FIRST ONE USED ONLY HIS VOICE!

THE ONE I'VE GRABBED MUST BE--THE CHANGELING!

A GOOD GUESS, MARVEL GIRL!

THE MUTANT-MASTER'S RIGHT-HAND MAN! I--

WAIT! OVER THERE--THE MUTANT-MASTER!

LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM--!

DEFEATED--DISGRACED! THERE WAS NO WAY OUT-- NO WAY BUT DEATH!

I CAME FROM SIRIUS-- TO CONQUER A WORLD-- BUT I FAILED...

BUT, THE FINAL BLAST DID ITS WORK! MY BRAIN FEELS HEAVY-- TIRED--

A SIRIAN MAY KNOW DESTRUCTION --BUT NEVER CAPTURE--

HE'S...DEAD! KILLED BY HIS OWN DESTRUCT-BUTTON...

...FOR ALL WE KNOW, THE FIRST INTER-PLANETARY SUICIDE!

THEN, AS THE SOMBRE MOOD OF THE MOMENT IS BROKEN..

WHAT ABOUT THE FIVE EVIL MUTANTS, PROFESSOR--INCLUDING THE RESTORED CHANGELING?

CAREFUL, FEMALE! WE'RE NOT EXACTLY YOUR CAPTIVES!

THE VANISHER IS RIGHT, X-MEN! WE FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE--AND MUST PART AS ALLIES!

BUT, SIR-- WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE?

WHEN NEXT WE MEET, WE'LL BE ENEMIES ONCE MORE--

BUT NOW, WE MUST LEAVE! I'VE SET THIS ENTIRE SPHERE --TO EXPLODE!

THUS, SOON AFTERWARD, FOUR ROUND SHAPES STREAK INTO THE SKY...

SO, THE CHANGELING FINALLY SAW THRU THE ALIEN'S PLAN --AND TURNED ON HIM?

YES, SCOTT! HE SAW-- BEFORE THE OTHERS-- WHAT THE ALIEN REALLY WANTED--

--A PLANET ON WHICH NO LIFE COULD LIVE-- NOT EVEN MUTANTS!

THEY SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT ALL ALONG-- BUT THEY WERE BLINDED BY THEIR HATRED OF ALL HOMO SAPIENS!

TRUE, CYCLOPS...

AND THERE THEY GO, VEERING OFF --SOON TO PLOT ONCE MORE AGAINST MANKIND!

BUT ALWAYS--NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS--WE MUST REMEMBER THE DAY WHEN THERE WERE NO "EVIL" MUTANTS --NO "GOOD" MUTANTS--

--ONLY A HANDFUL OF MEN--FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE TO PROTECT OUR PLANET FROM A COMMON FOE!

FOR, SO LONG AS LIFE ENDURES-- AND EVEN SWORN ENEMIES CAN REASON--THERE SHALL ALWAYS BE...HOPE!

PERHAPS THE FOREGOING PAGE WOULD BE THE PROPER DRAMATIC PLACE TO *END* OUR MUTANT MASTERWORK! BUT, IN REALITY, LIFE GOES *ON*, AND SOON...

THOSE ALIEN *SAUCERS* MAY HAVE JUST HAD ENOUGH JUICE FOR *ONE LAST TRIP*--BUT AT LEAST WE MADE IT *HOME!*

THAT'S *MEN* FOR YOU! A GIRL GETS *EXCITED* AND THEY THINK SOMETHING HAS TO BE *WRONG!*

NOW TO *RELAX*, AND--*JEAN!* WHAT'S *WRONG*--?

I JUST *REMEMBERED* SOMETHING--SOMETHING *GREAT!*

JUST BEFORE THE EPISODE WITH THE *JUGGERNAUT*, I HAD BEEN HARD AT WORK ON A *PET PROJECT* OF MINE--WITH THE PROFESSOR'S *PERMISSION!*

HERE'S A PACKAGE FOR *EACH* OF YOU! IN IT, YOU'LL FIND--A *NEW COSTUME!*

OH NO! NOT THE SAME OLD ONES--WITH A LITTLE NEW *TRIMMING!*

WHAT'D YOU DO *THIS* TIME, JEANIE--GIVE US *BLUE* BELTS?

TRY THEM ON AND *SEE*, BOBBY! *ALL* OF YOU!

AND, THEY MOST CERTAINLY *DO* SEE--FOR, AS THEY *REGROUP* A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OUR *COSTUMES*--THEY'RE ALL *DIFFERENT!*

FOR THE FIRST TIME--I REALLY LOOK LIKE AN *ANGEL*--I *GUESS!*

IT APPEARS WE GOT OUR CHOICE OF *DECORATOR COLORS*, MR. WORTHINGTON!

AH, IF *VERA* COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!

EVEN *I* GOT NEW *BOOTS*--AND *GLOVES!* BUT *WHY*, JEANIE?

IT WAS *YOUR* IDEA, PROFESSOR!

WHY DON'T YOU *TELL* THEM JUST WHAT YOU RECENTLY TOLD *ME?*

I *SHALL*, JEAN--WHEN THEY LET ME GET A WORD IN *EDGE-WISE!*

YES, PROFESSOR--I'D BE INTERESTED IN HEARING *MYSELF!*

IT'S REALLY VERY *SIMPLE*, BANSHEE--AND LONG *OVER-DUE!*

THE X-MEN ARE SCARCELY *CHILDREN* ANY MORE! THEY'VE EACH PROVED THEMSELVES A *HUNDRED* TIMES IN DEADLY COMBAT!

IT'S TIME THEY LOOKED LIKE *INDIVIDUALS*--NOT PRODUCTS OF AN *ASSEMBLY LINE!*

HEAR, HEAR!!

YOU'RE NOT *SMILING*, HANK! DON'T YOU LIKE IT? I SPENT *HOURS*--

IT'S, UH, *SPLENDID*, JEAN!

IT'LL JUST TAKE ME A WHILE TO ADJUST TO THE *TIGHT SLEEVES!*

CHEER UP, MR. McCOY! IT COULD'VE BEEN *WORSE!*

HMMM... IN THE IMPERISHABLE WORDS OF *PLATO*--*'NUFF SAID!*

SHE COULD HAVE HELPED YOU LIVE UP TO YOUR *NICK-NAME*--BY KNITTING YOU A NICE *FUR* OUTFIT--WITH A CUTE CURLY *TAIL!*

NEXT ISH:
"THE MUTANTS...AND THE *MONSTER!*"

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PROLOGUE: IN THE STREETS OF A SPRAWLING CITY, A CROWD OF AMAZED HUMANS HAVE MADE A SUDDEN, SHOCKING DISCOVERY...

THAT KID OVER THERE--HE MUST BE ...A MUTANT!

HE'S GOTTA BE! IT'S THE ONLY ANSWER!

HOW ELSE COULD HE HAVE DESTROYED THAT FALLING AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT--

--JUST BY LOOKIN' AT IT?

BUT, WHILE THE CONFUSED BY-STANDERS HESITATE MOMENTARILY, THE OBJECT OF THEIR OUTCRY MAKES HIS ESCAPE...

MY STRAY OPTIC BLAST CAUSED THAT UNIT TO FALL--SO I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO OBLITERATE IT!

MUST FLEE --FOR MY VERY LIFE!

BUT, IN SAVING THEM, I REVEALED MYSELF--AND NOW, IN THEIR FEAR, THE CROWD HAS TURNED INTO... A MOB!

THE ORIGINS OF THE UNCANNY X-MEN!

"LONELY ARE THE HUNTED!"

COME ON--HURRY! HE RAN DOWN THIS WAY!

LET'S JUST HOPE WE CAN HANDLE HIM WHEN WE CATCH HIM!

WITH THOSE BLASTED EYES OF HIS, HE MUST BE PRACTICALLY A WALKING DEATH-RAY!!

ANOTHER MUTANT-LADEN MASTERPIECE BY:
STAN LEE, EDITOR!
★ ROY THOMAS, WRITER! ★
WERNER ROTH, ARTIST!

OUTSTANDINGLY INKED BY JOHN VERPOORTEN
OUTLANDISHLY LETTERED BY AL KURZROK

SECONDS LATER, WHEN THE FRANTIC MOB HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT, A FURTIVE FIGURE STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS...

THEY'RE GONE! I'M SAFE--FOR THE MOMENT! BUT, TV CAMERAMEN GOT A SHOT OF ME-- I KNOW IT!*

I DARE NOT GO BACK TO THE ORPHANAGE --NOT NOW!

*AND SO DO WE--FROM READING LAST ISH! --SMUG STAN.

THUS, SOME TIME LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE EASTERN CITY...

THEY'LL FIND ME--TRACK ME DOWN LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL! I MUST GET AWAY--TILL I HAVE TIME TO THINK!

THAT FREIGHT TRAIN --JUST STARTING TO ROLL! IF I CAN JUST HOP ABOARD WITHOUT BEING SEEN--!

BUT, WHILE THE CAUTIOUS YOUNGSTER EDGES FURTIVELY TOWARDS THE SLOW-MOVING TRAIN,--SOME MILES AWAY...

...SO THERE YOU HAVE IT, PROFESSOR XAVIER--ALL THE INFORMATION WHICH WE OF THE FBI HAVE ON PROBABLE MUTANTS IN OUR MIDST!

IT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT!

THEN, IT'LL HAVE TO DO, MR. DUNCAN! BESIDES, ONE DESCRIPTION ON THIS LIST ESPECIALLY INTERESTS ME--!

--THE ONE NAMED...SCOTT SUMMERS!

SUMMERS? OH YES--HE'S THE KID WITH THE STRANGE EYES--THE ONE THAT AN OPTOMETRIST CONFIDENTIALLY WROTE TO US ABOUT!

I'LL CALL FIRST --TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE BOY IS READY TO TALK TO US WHEN WE ARRIVE!

HELLO? GET ME THE SUNSET ORPHAN-AGE!

HOWEVER, NEITHER FRED DUNCAN NOR THE MUTANT CHARLES XAVIER IS PREPARED FOR THE NEWS THEY HEAR SCANT MOMENTS LATER...

I--I DON'T KNOW WHY THE FBI SHOULD BE INVOLVED ABOUT THIS--OR HOW YOU EVEN KNOW ABOUT IT YET--

BUT, SCOTT SUMMERS ISN'T HERE!!

HE WENT TO NEW YORK WITH OUR SUPERVISOR, MR. LAMB, THIS MORNING--AND SOMEHOW JUST...DISAPPEARED!

YES, WE'VE CONTACTED THE POLICE--BUT THEY HAVEN'T FOUND HIM YET!

AND, AS THE FBI AGENT HANGS UP THE PHONE...

YOU NEEDN'T FILL ME IN, MR. DUNCAN--I FOLLOWED THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION MENTALLY!

WE MUST FIND YOUNG SCOTT SUMMERS--BEFORE THE ANGER OF SOCIETY TURNS HIM INTO THE VERY MENACE IT FEARS!

WHILE YOUR MEN BEGIN A SEARCH FOR THE BOY, I'LL PAY A VISIT TO THE OPTOMETRIST WHO FIRST SUSPECTED HE WAS A MUTANT!

I'LL GIVE YOU HIS ADDRESS AT ONCE!

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, IN *ANOTHER* PART OF TOWN.

WHY, OF *COURSE* I REMEMBER SCOTT SUMMERS... AND THE SECRET *REPORT* I WROTE ABOUT HIM FOR THE *FBI!* SO--?

SO, COULD YOU PLEASE TELL *ME* ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM-- TO FILL IN THE *GAPS* IN THAT REPORT?

AS AGENT *DUNCAN* TOLD YOU BY PHONE EARLIER, THE FATE OF ALL *HUMANITY* MAY REST ON WHAT YOU MAY *RECALL!*

WHAT FIRST LED YOU TO THE CONCLUSION THAT HE WAS A *MUTANT?*

FRANKLY, PROFESSOR XAVIER --IT WAS HIS *EYES* THEM-SELVES--AND THE WEIRD *GLOW* I NOTICED IN THEM!

THAT WAS A FEW *MONTHS* AGO,--WHEN MR. LAMB FIRST BROUGHT HIM IN BECAUSE OF HIS RECURRING *HEADACHES!*

NO GLASSES I GAVE HIM SEEMED TO *HELP*-- UNTIL I FINALLY TRIED FITTING HIM WITH ONES CONTAINING BITS OF *RUBY QUARTZ!*

AND THAT *CURED* THE EYE-ACHES?

IT *SEEMED* TO--THOUGH I DON'T KNOW *WHY!* I HOPED TO FIND OUT *TODAY,* IN FACT...BUT SCOTT EVIDENTLY RAN AWAY BEFORE HE *GOT* HERE!

DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT THESE *MUTANTS* POSE A DEADLY *THREAT* TO EARTH, LIKE THE PAPERS SAY, PROFESSOR?

EH--? I'M SORRY, DOCTOR --I WAS JUST *THINKING*...

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE --IN THAT VAST SPRAWLING CITY--IS A TERRIFIED *YOUNGSTER!*

BUT, SOMEHOW HE SEEMS TO BE OUT OF RANGE OF MY *MENTAL PROBES!*

AND, INDEED HE *IS*--FOR, AS THE NIGHT SHADOWS FALL, AT A POINT *MILES AWAY* FROM WASHINGTON...

CAN'T RISK DISCOVERY BY RIDING THAT BOXCAR ANY *LONGER!*

I'D BETTER TAKE OFF *NOW* --WHILE ITS STOPPED AT THAT *SIDING* UP AHEAD!

BUT, WHERE WILL I *GO?* WHAT'LL I *DO?*

SOMETHING *HAPPENED* TO ME TODAY-- CAUSED MY EYES TO SHOOT OUT DEADLY *RAYS*-- ENDANGERING A *CROWD!*

AND THEN-- THEY *TURNED* ON ME--AS IF I WERE A COLD-BLOODED *KILLER!*

IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT *CAUSED* IT--AND WHETHER IT WOULD HAPPEN *AGAIN* IF I TOOK OFF THESE GLASSES...

WAIT--THAT *ODOR!* SOMEONE'S *COOKING* NEARBY--AND I'M *STARVED!*

AND SO, MOMENTS LATER...

SO YOU'D LIKE SOME *GRUB,* HUH, KID?

WHAT'S THE *STORY*--YOU RUNNIN' AWAY FROM *HOME,* OR SOMETHIN'?

I... GUESS YOU *MIGHT* PUT IT THAT WAY! IS IT *OKAY?*

YEAH, SURE! YOU'RE OUR *GUEST OF HONOR,* SONNY!

YER AMONG *FRIENDS,* YA MIGHT SAY!

THANKS! I JUST HOPPED OFF A BOXCAR--AND IT GETS A LITTLE DUSTY IN THOSE THINGS!

A BOXCAR? YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT SPORTIN' WITH US, FRIEND?

YEAH! YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU JUST GOT OFFA NO BOXCAR!

I'M WITH THEM! HE'S JUST SOME PUNK KID ON AN INITIATION STUNT, I'M BETTIN'!

I SAY HE'S GOT MONEY --AND I VOTE TO HELP OURSELVES TO IT!

I'M WITH YOU, ACE!

OKAY, KID--FUN TIME'S OVER! LET'S HAVE YOUR WALLET--AND HAVE IT FAST! GIVE!!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A WALLET! I--

YER LYIN', COLLEGE-BOY...AND I'M GONNA MAKE YOU SORRY YOU EVER OPENED YER YAP!

SWIFTLY, THE DISHEVELED QUARTET OVERWHELM THE STUNNED TEENAGER--WHO, SURPRISINGLY, OFFERS NO PYHSICAL RESISTANCE...

NUTS! HE WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH! HE AIN'T GOT NO WALLET!

TOO BAD--FOR HIM! I'LL TAKE OFF THEM FANCY SUNGLASSES, SO WE CAN CLOBBER 'IM!

HEY, FELLAS --LOOK! THE FUZZ!

NO--DON'T! YOU MUSTN'T--!

MY EYES! IF THEY TAKE OFF MY GLASSES--THEY'RE TAKING THEIR VERY LIVES IN THEIR HANDS!

STOP, ALL OF YOU!

AW, WE MIGHT AS WELL LET 'EM GO! IT'S THE KID WE CARE ABOUT!

YOU OKAY, SON?

I--I THINK SO, OFFICER-- AND THANKS!

THE HOBOES ARE FLEEING! IF THEY ONLY KNEW HOW CLOSE THEY CAME--TO POSSIBLE DISASTER--

THANK HEAVEN, IT LOOKS AS IF MY TROUBLES ARE TEMPORARILY OVER!

BUT, THAT DESPERATE HOPE SOON PROVES IN VAIN, AS...

HOLD STILL, BOY! WE'RE NOT HERE TO HURT YOU, YOU KNOW!

YEAH! WE'RE JUST LOOKING FOR A YOUNGSTER WHO RAN AWAY FROM AN UPSTATE ORPHANAGE--AND YOU SURE FIT THE DESCRIPTION!

LET'S SEE HOW YOU LOOK WITHOUT THOSE SHADES!

YOU CAN'T--!

IF YOU TAKE OFF THOSE GLASSES --IT MIGHT BE FATAL--!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SON? YOU GOT EYES THAT TURN PEOPLE TO STONE, OR SOMETHIN'?

THEN, BEFORE THE STRUGGLING YOUTH CAN ANSWER, THE VITAL SUNGLASSES ARE REMOVED, AND--

HOLY COW! HE --HE WASN'T KIDDING!

I TOLD YOU! I TRIED TO WARN YOU--!

GET BACK! HE'S BLASTIN' HOLES 'N THE GROUND!

ZWAK!!

RUN! WE'RE GONNA NEED HELP!

WE'LL GET REINFORCEMENTS --TRY TO SURROUND THE AREA...

...PROVIDED WE CAN GET ANYBODY TO BELIEVE US!

STOP--WAIT! I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM! JUST --GET ME MY GLASSES!

TOO LATE--THEY'RE GONE! WITHIN MINUTES, THEY'LL HAVE MORE POLICE COMBING THE COUNTRY-SIDE FOR ME!

ZAK

GOT TO RETRIEVE MY GLASSES! BUT, WHENEVER I OPEN MY EYES--THOSE DEADLY RAYS BLAST OUT--!

WOK!

GOT THEM! I DON'T KNOW WHY-- BUT SOMEHOW, MY OWN BODY IS IMMUNE TO THOSE BEAMS!

IT'S A GOOD THING --OR ELSE I'D HAVE NO EYELIDS LEFT BY NOW!

MUST HIDE--! I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'LL GO--OR WHAT I'LL DO--

BUT, I WON'T LET THE MOB GET ME-- LOCK ME UP IN A STEEL CELL AND LABEL ME A FREAK-- A MUTANT--!

SUDDENLY, SCANT MINUTES LATER, SCOTT SUMMERS --OVERCOME WITH FEAR AND FATIGUE --STUMBLES INTO A SMALL CLEARING...

REST... I MUST HAVE REST! MUST FIND... SOMEPLACE TO SLEEP IN SAFETY...!

THAT SHACK OVER THERE--I FEEL A SUDDEN URGE TO APPROACH IT-- TO ENTER IT...

COME HERE... LAD... COME HERE...

IT'S ALMOST AS IF SOME UN-EARTHLY VOICE WERE CALLING TO ME--FROM INSIDE IT--!

FOR LONG, TENSE MOMENTS, THE TROUBLED YOUTH HESITATES BEFORE THE RUNDOWN SHACK--FIGHTS AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING VOICE WHICH FILLS HIS MIND! THEN--

ENTER... ENTER...

IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T RESIST ...ANY LONGER!

CAN'T EVEN SEE THRU THE WINDOWS-- TO SEE WHO-- OR WHAT-- IS INSIDE...

I MUST GIVE IN ...MUST ENTER--!

THE NEXT MOMENT, IN THE DIM LIGHT INSIDE, THE STRANGE SPELL OVER SCOTT SUMMERS ABRUPTLY ENDS...

IT MUST BE YOU ...WHO CALLED TO ME!

BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME??

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, BOY!

I CALLED YOU BECAUSE I SENSED THAT YOU--LIKE MYSELF--ARE BORN TO RULE!

FOR, I TOO AM... A MUTANT!!

NEXT ISH: "THE FIRST EVIL MUTANT!"